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L'Année Musicale ou Revue Annuelle des théâtres lyriques et des concerts, — des publications littéraires relatives à la musique et des événements remarquables appartenants à l'histoire de l'art musical — par P. SCUDO — Deuxième année — Paris-Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie 1861. 1 vol in 18, pp. 405.

Since Louis Figuier's excellent scientific annals have met with such deserved success, the example has been followed by others, so that now every art yearly gives rise to a work in which its progress and history during the preceding year are minutely recorded. This is but as it should be and the general reader as well as the special student has thus laid before him a series of facts, which otherwise he might seek for in vain in files of old journals and magazines.

Scudo, the musical critic of the *Revue des deux mondes* has now given us the second year of his *Année musicale* comprising the chief events of the art of 1860. The name of the author, whatever may be thought of his particular views and exigencies, is a recommendation to a work that has no pretensions above that of stating facts clearly agreeably, and fully. There is no need of being a musician to feel the tenderness of his well-known romance *Le fils de la Vierge*, much less to appreciate the literary qualities of his sketches in *Critique et littérature musicales*—*La musique ancienne et moderne* and in *Le chevalier Sarti*. In the present volume Scudo, as far as the nature of the details in which he enters permitted, has preserved those valuable qualities of style, that elegance and ease which make his criticism acceptable to all classes. Musicians accept the work as a valuable repository of facts, while the general reader is thankful to the author for the light he throws upon subjects in which all must be interested.

"The Musical Year" is not universal, it is merely national, comprehensive for France merely, detailed for Paris only. Forty pages, no more, are devoted to the rest of Europe. Whatever has been presented in the capital is studied at length. Thus the new compositions produced by the four lyric theatres, the Grand Opéra, the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Italien and the Théâtre Lyrique, as well as accounts of the various concerts fill the first five chapters; the remaining five being taken up with musical bibliography, the obituary notices and news, home and foreign.

The work opens with a notice *Pierre de Médicis* by Prince Poniatowski, a detailed criticism such as the author gives at the appearance of every new composition of interest, to the readers of the *Revue des deux mondes*. Farther on Offenbach is treated rather unceremoniously. Offenbach and Richard Wagner, we beg the pardon of the exclusive friends or foes of either, even musical party animosity runs high now; Offenbach and Wagner, strange as the collocation of the two names may seem, are the antipa-

thies of Scudo. To the latter he devotes several pages when giving an account of his three concerts at the Italian Opera. He does not look upon Wagner as an ordinary artist, but "like almost all remarkable men of our time he is gifted with more ambition than fecundity, with more will than inspiration." It is the love of effect he condemns. Rhythm and harmony he accords to the author of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. "His instrumentation, powerful in grand effects is wanting in variety and suppleness," the various parts of the orchestra are in direct opposition with each other; there is little originality. "The style is monotonous in spite of the efforts of a vigorous will and the resources of an incontestable talent."

When Scudo keeps within such criticism, we can like and follow him. We remain free to judge for ourselves whether by applying the rules of art we may have mastered or by appealing to our own natural sentiments. Though some technical learning may be necessary to explain beauties and defects in art, we may be thankful that it is within the reach of all to feel them according to our capacities. The writer who can clearly show us the secret springs of our feelings is welcome as a teacher. In his company, under his guidance we shall be willingly led to higher appreciation. But let the critic in art as well as in letters never fall into the personalities of a partisan. We are right in mistrusting him at the first step he makes in the path. Abuse justly calls forth sympathy and he who descends to it has half lost his cause. Scudo has descended to it in his notice on Richard Wagner; even more in that on Offenbach when speaking of the *Papillon*.

A valuable feature of the "Musical Year" is the multiplicity of facts presented. Thus the changes in the personnel of the various lyric theatres are given. The orchestra and singers of the Grand Opera number 215. The names of the chief are given in classes, thus we find four first tenors, seven baritones, ten sopranos, &c. The numerical divisions of the chorus and orchestra are also given. The musical bibliography is all interesting showing what France has contributed within the last year. Quotations are freely given showing the character of the works cited, foreign productions are not passed over in silence. The musical method of Chev , who has now public courses in Paris, gave rise to several pamphlets which are analyzed.

The details in regard to musical publications, the notices of the chief publishers, all contain valuable information. In 1860 no less than 4,051 pieces were published in France, being nearly three times the amount issued in 1850; of this according to the author's statistics more than 7,600 pounds were sent to the United States; the whole amount exported having been above 53,400 pounds. The same calculations are made for musical instruments. The new regulations for the military bands are given; each regiment

having for infantry 40, for cavalry 27 musicians. There are pages in every portion of the work that are of interest beyond the special information they contain, as those on Chinese music for instance. A letter from a French officer in China upon this subject being inserted at length.

The *Année Musicale* concludes with a few pages that may serve to show the musical tendencies of Scudo as well as the general appreciation of art in France.

"The year of which we have recounted the facts has produced nothing very remarkable in the art which is the object of our studies. No new composer has arisen nor any salient work calculated to learn a lasting impression. At the theatre, as well as in the other parts of the vast domain of music, all that has been done is mediocre, and nothing announces that the laborious period we are traversing is near an end."

We abridge, else the quotation would be too long. Men of talent abound; the secrets of the art are studied, but we live on the fruits of the past. Weber, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, have found successors, only unequal imitators in Germany. In Schumann and Wagner Scudo sees a reaction of which Liszt is the *ne-plus ultra*. France though not richer is at least freer, there is "no false theory" it waits that some artist may come to dispel "the moral numbness that seem to have settled on the public for the last ten years."

"If it is difficult to deny the state of poverty and languor into which the spirit of musical invention has fallen within fifteen or twenty years, there is another fact quite as undeniable; it is that the taste for this consoling art is spreading more and more and is penetrating new layers of the population. Without speaking of Germany, of Holland, of Belgium, of Switzerland and of the whole North of Europe, where music has always been popular and taught to children with the first elements of the language of country, France has also taken part in the movement of regeneration. Never has the administration been kinder to the men who devote themselves to elementary musical instruction, and never has it been better disposed to recognize the salutary power of this civilizing art."

In the communal schools music is now taught: The *Orpheon* under the direction of MM. Pasdeloup and Bazin gives instruction to poor workmen. The teaching of Emile Chev  is organized on an extensive scale. "All these means of propagation," the author proceeds, "prove that the knowledge of music penetrates into the heart of the nation and that it becomes an element of public instruction."

The Philharmonic societies that exist in a large number of cities, the numerous professors formed by the *Conservatoire de Paris*, who go and reside in the provinces, spread both in the middle and in the higher classes, the knowledge of instrumental music and better taste. The multiplied editions of the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven,

Weber, Mendelssohn prove that France which invented the *Vaudeville* and the *Science du gai savoir* is aspiring to become a musical nation. Professional artists have never been better versed in the principles of their art, never better educated, or more enlightened than in our time. A knowledge of the principle of harmony, counterpoint; the composition and history of music generally spread among our artists and among many distinguished amateurs. In fine, the musical art, as well as that of design, the treasures of intelligence as well as that of material wealth are spread over a vaster surface and are no longer the exclusive portion of a chosen few. This is the true character of modern civilization in which music plays so important a role." F. B.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

I.

THE LION-PIANIST AS A COMPOSER.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

According to a common belief, every man who makes music his profession, is also a composer. This is an error. One may be an excellent performer and yet be incapable of inventing an original melody of only eight measures. The goddess of music does not always dwell entire in her devotees; she prefers to surrender herself but half, either as the performing or the creative genius; and it is only when she falls desperately in love that she abandons herself entirely, heart and hand, to her chosen favorites. Then the world receives its Mozarts, Beethovens, Mendelssohns, Spohrs, and others, who are equally great as composers and players.

It is no more difficult for the musician, who is endowed with creative talent and has practiced the rules of composition to a good degree, to compose a piece of music than it is for the gifted literary man to write a poem. The musician, like the poet, takes his seat at the table and writes down what his imagination suggests or what he conjures up from the depth of his mind. Only now and then he resorts to the instrument for a moment, merely to have the key, or just to hear how a new and complicated harmony sounds on which he may have ventured. For the rest he trusts to his lively imagination, which clearly reflects not only every tone, but every combination of tones; and even when composing a piece for the instrument itself (the piano) he writes down the most brilliant, and at the same time the most practicable passages without the aid of that instrument. Of Mozart it is said that he generally had the whole piece ready in his brain before committing it to paper. There is nothing surprising in this. Music to the true composer is a language; he may think over before, or during the art of writing what he has to say in that language. Some persons when about to write a letter have the whole epistle ready before they seize the pen; while others first take pen and paper, expecting that one thought will suggest another, as they write along. The same is the case with composers of music.

However, all is different with our hero, the Lion-Pianist. A delightful performer, with a touch so exquisite that he produces magical sounds indeed, he is nevertheless entirely destitute of productive talent and unable to fancy to himself a single tone. But compose he must,

lest he should fail in his mission and the world be deprived of the fruits of his muse. Therefore, he makes it his business to ransack the scores of opera-composers, whose melodies he extends by certain liquid passages, of which a number, say two or three, have imprinted themselves on his nimble fingers with such tenacity that they ever after reappear in all he plays and writes. Thus he advances rapidly from one *opus* to another; but if we take a couple of these his works and compare them, we shall find that they resemble each other as closely as ever twin-brothers did. Notwithstanding their inferior value, inferior in every respect, his pieces are eagerly sought by the publishers and dearly paid for. They are beautifully, nay, daintily printed, and generally dedicated to persons of high rank and fortune, who return the compliment in the shape of breast pins and diamond rings, or even a saddle-horse, if the pianist has been known to evince equestrian proclivities.

There are, however, moments when he is disgusted with the occupation of transcribing and paraphrasing the music of others, and when he feels as if he must compose a piece that shall be all his own, not a tone borrowed. So he resolves to write a *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse*, as he calls it. He is determined now to practice the noble virtue of temperance, so as to abstain from all intoxicating feats of modern piano-trickery; in brief, the piece is to be in the classical style. As he is unable to compose one measure without the aid of the instrument, as before intimated, he sits at once down at his favorite Grand and thunders away for a while, just to fructify his imagination a little. Presently he stops, draws a long breath and sets out in search of a melody with which to begin his intended *Méditation*. He grinds out one note after the other, and when he has collected a number, sufficient to form a strain, he finds to his consternation that it is nothing but the fac-simile of a worn-out melody, with which everybody is acquainted. "That won't do!" So he jumps up from the stool and walks a few times about the room when his attention is caught by the large mirror, which adorns the apartment. He places himself right before it and is delighted, as ever, with his elegant figure, his graceful attitude and his expressive features, which he cannot but admire anew. Thus inspired with fresh courage, and after a twist or two at his moustache, he lights a cigar and cheerfully resumes his seat at the instrument. The result is the same as before. After a few more vain attempts he gives it up for the present, thinking he is not in the right mood and must wait for a more favorable moment. But I will not tire the reader with a long description how this composer (?) finally manages to have the piece done. Be it known that it is a most painful work, of which those only can form an idea, who have watched it. You would split wood, or work at a blacksmith's shop for a whole day than engage for an hour in this tantalizing occupation.

The *Méditation élégante et mélodieuse* has since been published—as usual in the most beautiful type—and is already in the hands of many of the lovers of musical tit-bits. It is spread over more than a dozen pages; but if we cancel the many repetitions, and, besides, divest it of all the superfluous flourish with which it is fringed and freckled, there will hardly remain music enough to cover half a page. The matter

of the piece may be best defined in the language of the poet Percival, as "poor and vapid thoughts which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments that overload their littleness." Nevertheless, the composer himself is infinitely fond of it, and well he may be, considering the infinite pains it has cost him.

Now, what is it, that can induce a man, who by nature, by habit and occupation is destined to lead the gay, happy life of a butterfly, to take upon himself at times such a cross? Vanity and ambition are the principal motives which ere this have impelled inferior natures to perform miracles. As his style of playing is of the most showy, dashing kind, an exhibition of technical feats and artifices, intended to astonish the multitude,—so he avails himself of whatever may serve him to indulge this same unartistic propensity for display. He is not satisfied with the reputation of a skilful performer, too ambitious to leave the path of the composer untried. How much more the world would admire and applaud him with the laurel of the tone-poet wreathed around his brow!

It will be necessary here to mention that the lion-pianist is rarely without an *aide-de-camp*, who has, to take upon him a part of this Sisyphus-like labor, to fill up certain gaps, and copy the illegible places, in the manuscript. This aid, it must be known, is also a pianist, but of inferior ability. He pretends that his real object in attaching himself to the virtuoso is to catch the secret of his exquisite touch or to receive occasionally a lesson from him, though he knows as well as any one that a lion-pianist considers giving instruction equal to taking an emetic. At first sight it would seem that he acted as the agent of the great performer, that he planned and arranged his concerts and transacted similar business for him; but this is rarely the case, for he is anything but a business man. The truth is, he has more time than he can usefully employ; besides he deems it a great distinction to be called the companion of "the man, whose every hand represents an orchestra." The lion in his turn, being an exceedingly sociable fellow, likes to have some one about him, with whom he can smoke, talk and laugh, and to whom he can relate his love adventures (we can easily fancy that the girls are wild with him). Thus the aide is invited to share the lion's champagne dinners and suppers, and sometimes to accompany him on a short professional tour. However, if we watch the twain closely, it appears doubtful, whether their connection is that of friend and friend, or of master and servant; for he, the aide, is despatched on all sorts of errands and often spoken to in a commanding tone. But then, the champagne suppers, the delicious havanas and the capital "sundries" compensate for a good deal of humble treatment and easily reconcile him; though there doubtless have been cases when he thought it better to "secede."

The career of a lion-pianist, we may add, so long as he is young, is an enviable one; but, when age approaches, he becomes an object rather of pity. The public have long since given him to understand that they are weary of his five or six pieces; and the critics told him that he plays worse than fifteen years ago, and by this time they are convinced he is a charlatan of the first order. The poor devil has now to atone for the folly, which both the public and critics committed in

making a lion of him. They feel ashamed of having worshipped a false idol and now take revenge. Then the lion grows pensive and begins to reflect on his position, till he at last concludes to finish his erratic course and prepares him a home. If this thought prevails, we shall see him turn up again as the husband of a half decayed countess—or a princess even—himself a newly created baron and appointed chamber-virtuoso to her royal highness, the reigning grand-duchess of Reuss-Schleitz-Kimmelbach; which distinction was conferred upon him to raise him in some measure up to the level of his high-born bride. There are, however, many other forms, which he is likely to assume. He may come forth as publisher and dealer in sheet-music; or as the manager of an Italian opera company. But, not always does he succeed in suppressing his nomadic instincts. In that event we shall one day hear of him as concertising in remote, half-civilized countries, among the antipodes, where he treats the semi-barbarians to the same five or six pieces with which he has made all cultivated nations disgusted. As China and Japan are now open to foreigners he will surely not wait very long to wend his way thither in the hope of being once more the petted lion and enjoy the Indian summer of his former triumphs.

The Organ.*

NINETEENTH STUDY.—CLASSIFICATION OF PIPES INTO REGISTERS, WITH A GENERAL DIVISION OF THE REGISTERS OR STOPS OF THE ORGAN.

We have done nothing as yet but examine the pipes. This prosaic name, "pipe," becomes singularly poetical when the sonorous bodies, ceasing to be regarded as isolated objects, are put together into those many distinct classes of homogeneous qualities of tone in which we find each of the influences we have last considered, such as *scale, form and material*, harmoniously blended one into the other. For then, each of the various classes of pipes occupies an important place in the musical system of the divine instrument, and takes a new name, that of a *register*, or *stop*. The organ, considered as a mass of pipes, without division or classification amongst them, may be compared to a chrysalis, a creature shut up within a case, and without any apparent powers of acting,—it takes its wings and begins to show signs of life as soon as it has got its registers.

The necessity of putting pipes of the same quality of tone upon the same register is so obvious, that it seems almost superfluous to mention it. If, first of all, an open pipe, wood or metal, were put upon the sound-board, and then next to it a reed-pipe, so that in putting down the note C E G on the key-board, a wooden flue-pipe would speak; and in putting down the note D next to it, a reed-pipe would speak, and so on indiscriminately, and by jerks as it were throughout the register, without any regard to different qualities of tones, it is but too evident that the result would be an unendurable concert of ill-matched voices, even though the notes followed one another in the proper order of the scale. One pipe would emit a harsh sound, the next to it a weak, feeble sound: cries and sighs would be jumbled together, expressions of anger would be heard alongside tones full of a plaintive sweetness; in fact, there would be nothing but a series of sounds clashing one against the other, and each upsetting its neighbor in a way contrary to all right notions of musical unity and propriety.

The rule is, then, to put as many pipes of the same quality of tone in each register as there are notes upon the key-board. If this is not always done, that is to say, if there are not always as many pipes in a series of the same quality of tone as there are notes upon the key-board, this is because, in some cases, if pipes of the same quality

were carried through the whole extent of the key-board, either above or below, the quality would become too feeble in volume in the upper notes, and too full in volume in the bass notes.

Each series of pipes of the same quality of tone is planted in a line upon the sound board, and each stop or register, for these tones are synonymous, obeys the action given to the small movable slide of wood, the mechanism of which has been already described. It is this slide, which is called a register, because it acts as a register or rule, to direct or control the wind in its way to the feet of the pipes. The same name is given to the knob which is fastened to it, and appears in front of the organ-case ready to the hand of the player. Upon this knob, or immediately under, is inscribed the label, which designates the special quality of tone that particular series of pipes will produce when, by means of this mechanical contrivance, the wind is brought into connection with them. If, for example, the player wishes to produce the effect of an orchestra, instruments of a bright and brilliant quality, he draws the knobs of the trumpet, the clarion, and the bombard, and he has at once upon his keyboard those stops or qualities of tone which, by their grand and solemn sounds, supply him with the effect he desires. If he wishes to produce the effects of sweet and soft-toned instruments, he pushes in these high-sounding registers and draws out the viol-da-gamba and stops with open pipes, wood or metal: and when the massive voice of the people intones that venerable plain chant, the origin of which may be traced up to the very first beginnings of Christianity, the player, who is the director of their song, draws out a number of stops which, combined together with a skill no less original than it is admirable, form, in fact, but one stop, under the common name of *plein jeu*. It is this stop which, while it calls to mind combinations in harmony the most ancient, is for this reason all the more suited to be the accompaniment to large masses of persons singing in unison.

The player, then, of the organ has at his disposal sounds of all kinds, and we can well understand how, for him as well as for the composer, it is most important he should have a profound knowledge of the resources which he has at his command, in order that he may know how to use them with the best effect on every occasion, either separately as solo stops, or when all are combined together in full chorus.

From the above description of them we shall have no difficulty in recognizing those distinct classes of organ stops: 1. Open flue pipes, wood or metal, called also foundation stops; 2. Musical or mutation stops; 3. Reed stops, which the Germans also call loud stops, *starken Stimmen*.

* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.

Joseph Staudigl.

Born April 14, 1807. Died March 28, 1861.

(Continued from page 52.)

Staudigl enjoyed more especially a musical education. An innate taste for what is musically logical, and a zealous course of study for the improvement of his voice, were of the greatest service to him. He pleased, nay charmed, his audience by the unerring correctness of his musical accentuation, by the fervor of his musical declamation, by the well-calculated distribution and regular gradation of the various phrases and periods, by the unrivalled clearness of his musical exposition, and by his artistic repose, which nothing could disturb. He was, indeed, sometimes led away by the consciousness of possessing so fine a voice, and took undue advantage of it. He did not, it is true, go so far as to make the tone appear forced; but still, by dragging the time, merely to show off his own powers, he laid himself open to censure.

Staudigl neither possessed what is termed specific histrionic talent, nor was his education of such a kind as to enable him to make up for his early deficiencies by a course of after-study. His bearing was always slovenly; his dress was

wanting in neatness and taste; and, indeed, his whole demeanor and appearance were marred by the absence of dignity and ardor. His features, although not without expression, could not express with sufficient rapidity any sudden change of feeling, any more than delicacy or tragic grandeur of soul; while, finally, his pronunciation always retained traces of the local Viennese dialect, disagreeable even in spoken dialogue. So many and such indisputable defects necessarily affected his performances in a highly prejudicial manner. He compensated, however, for a great deal by his remarkable power of conception and happy reproduction, which, partially resulting from instinct and partially wrung with great labor from adverse elements, was always realized in strictly musical outlines, admitting the dramatic element, so to say, only as a component part, among many others, of the musical expression.

The satisfaction given by almost each of Staudigl's impersonations, as a whole, as well as the greater or less musical perfection and the greater or less histrionic weakness of every separate part are readily explained by what has been said. Of his Figaro and Leporello, for instance, it might justly be asserted that the musical portion, taken by itself, was adequately rendered, while the attempt made to invest the parts with dramatic character was a failure. Leporello was a mere dull, stupid jester; while in Figaro, which Staudigl had studied with great care, and of which his conception was by no means incorrect, the subtlety or even sly keenness he intended to portray was never satisfactorily apparent. In the Italian barytone parts, such as Ashton in *Lucia*, Alfonso in *Lucrezia*, and Chevreuse in *Maria de Rohan*—which, yielding to that immoderate desire to sing which led him beyond the natural limits of his voice, he was fond of playing—the highness of the music sometimes prevented him from doing the latter full justice, while the outward bearing and appearance, which are of more account with Italian "tyrants" than the portrayal of inward motives, did not find a fitting representative.

But, while we see that characters partly of a subordinate description, and partly not adapted for Staudigl's artistic idiosyncrasy, were not represented in a completely satisfactory manner, his finest and most praiseworthy efforts were in far more difficult and important bass parts. Unfortunately, the restricted extent—which, it not increasing, is, at any rate, permanent—of our operatic repertory, limited Staudigl's field of action. It is, however, sufficient for us, if we would prove his excellence, to remind our readers of his Sarastro, Osmin, Rocco, Caspar, Jacob, Bertram, and Marcel. These were performances worthy even of a "dramatic" vocalist, parts on which the masters of old and new opera lavished their melodious treasures, and decked with grandly planned or delicately worked-out touches of character, parts which must be played, if due effect is to be given them. Now Staudigl gave them this due effect. Without any special histrionic powers, without a prepossessing personal appearance, but, on the contrary, with a great number of personal imperfections (already mentioned), he managed to present us with art-pictures, distinguished, as it is impossible to deny, for admirable conception and imposing, sure realization, the result of long and assiduous study. The effect he produced was grounded on a perfect knowledge of musical style, on an intimate acquaintance with the particular dramatic expression contained in melody and in musical compositions, and capable of being musically realized, as well as, lastly, on the consciousness that his task was a predominately, if not an exclusively, musical one.

Staudigl's own disposition, about which there was a certain mild phlegmatic character, naturally enabled him to appear with more advantage in the part of Sarastro than in any other part of his repertory. Anything lyrically sentimental also suited him, as is proved by the part of George in Bellini's *Puritani*. Even if we consider such comic characters as Osmin in *Die Entführung*, and Staudigl in the *Waffenschmied*, in opposition to those more delicately drawn, as

being the ones best adapted to Staudigl's artistic taste, and therefore easier for him to play, there still remain the characters previously mentioned, as well as many others, the execution of which is beset by the most varied difficulties, and yet which were never so magnificently played by any one as by him. Thus, for instance, there was, in the first place, his Rocco, a wonderful conception, carried out, to the very finest touches of character, despite his defective pronunciation, with a degree of dramatic roundness and finish no actor could ever surpass, and that too with the most scrupulous and unvarying regard for the correct musical intonation: there was his Marcel, a fine picture of a bluff, good-hearted man; there was his Caspar, and there was his Bertram, both unmistakably, and yet so differently, marked by the demoniacal element. In Caspar we behold keen but vulgar wickedness; even the short passage, "Nur ein keekes Wagen ist's, das Glück erringt," was alone sufficient to prove Staudigl a master of dramatic singing, not to mention his rendering of the wild and boisterous drinking song or of the stormy vengeance-air. In Bertram, on the other hand, the supernatural character of the gloomy knight, though marked with great clearness, was never degraded into the likeness of a demon of melodrama. Staudigl gave great prominence to the knightly element, to which he imparted, by a certain air of crafty observation, a coloring obtained by no other representative of the art, not even excepting the wildly-genial Formes. Cool and temperate, but not the less deeply cutting, was the irony, the bold and deliberate contempt for every bitter feeling, while the boisterous passion, by which Bertram is distinguished from a mere cold and negative Mephistopheles, was brought out with fearful energy. But the distinguishing mark, and the peculiar excellence of this impersonation—an excellence, by the way, which can never be sufficiently praised—consisted in the fact that the dramatic accent was never strongly marked at the expense of the musical intonation, but that, on the contrary, the magnificent whole—as we cannot too often repeat—sprang naturally from a thorough comprehension of the musical exigencies of the part. Proofs of this are afforded by nearly every separate passage in it; for instance, "Ich lache," then "Robert, ja, dich lieb' ich mehr als mein Leben," and, above all, the unrivalled "Du hast's gewollt, du zarte Blume," &c.

Was it not by the irresistible power of *fine singing* that Staudigl charmed all opera-goers, as Edmund in Nicolai's *Heimkehr*? The assumption of this part—which, as the first step to Staudigl's unfortunate mania of singing music distressingly high for him, was certainly a most fatal one—proved indubitably effective, on account of the dash and spirit he infused in it. Was it not the same power of song which enabled him to create so energetic an impersonation out of Rossini's *Tell*? We might name other parts; but our consideration of Staudigl as a histrionic singer has already led us very far, and we have still to speak of him viewed in a different light.

That Staudigl should, from time to time, have undertaken to instruct vocal aspirants, is simply a proof of his good nature. His lessons were never lucrative. His imitators, too, have not been fortunate, with the sole exception of the dilettante and Imperial vocalists, Panzer, who really has something of the master about him.

Staudigl was invariably most unfortunate in all operatic matters with the guidance of which he was mixed up. At any rate, the fact of his being stagemanager-in-chief could not effectually check the failure attendant on Pokorny's laudable speculation, which began so brilliantly. As a member of the committee at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, in 1848, he manifested the most active zeal without much greater success: while, as stage manager-in-chief there, under Holbein, he certainly reaped no laurels, although, as is usual in such regions, it was impossible to find out what the stage manager might do, as well as what he really had done and had neglected to do.

Staudigl was always distinguished for his talent as a singer of sacred music—as distinguished, at

least, as the partially defective management and organization of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna would allow him to be. His thorough musical education proved here of great use to him, and he was far from paying any respect to the tolerably general prejudice that sacred music should be sung without expression.

This last remark calls to our remembrance the admiration universally and justly entertained for Staudigl as an *oratorio-singer*. In the concert-room the singer, in his black dress-coat, with his music in his hand, together with the narrative form in which recitative runs, all necessitate a kind of expression somewhat different from that employed in the operatic style. When, however, narrative rises to animated description; when prayer assumes a more than ordinarily pressing and urgent tone; when some deeply-moving situation is depicted, and music is to be the interpreter of the singer's continually-changing emotions, a greater amount of vivacity in words and tone, and a highly dramatically-objective expression, properly so called, may be justifiable even in oratorio. The most reassuring guarantee that Staudigl would, in most cases, not overstep the proper limit, was afforded by his own moderation as an individual. It is therefore far from astonishing that many persons should maintain that oratorio was more especially suited to his talent; but in saying this, and in awarding more than due praise to the oratorio-singer, they were plainly guilty of injustice to the theatrical singer. It was more especially in oratorio that his mode of delivering recitative showed how much of his inspiration he drew from the exciting influence of the stage.

After oratorio comes the concert-room, with its airs, its ballads and its songs of all sorts—an endless field in which much that is good is mixed up with a great deal that is worthless and absurd. For a long series of years did Staudigl labor in this branch of his profession; and our sketch would be incomplete if, after having described the histrionic singer, as well as the master in the sacred and semi-sacred style, we were not also to mention the world-renowned song singer (*Liedersänger*). In his mode of singing songs, we again come across all the good qualities and some of the defects we have already mentioned, namely, beauty of tone, correctness, warmth of expression, and clearness of exposition, but at the same time touches of the Viennese dialect a partial dragging of the time, for the purpose of showing off his voice. His conception was certain, intelligent, and calculated for dramatic effect, such as was not adapted, perhaps, to the *alla camara* expression of the "Lied," taken in its original acceptation, but admirably suited to the enlarged proportions which it has now assumed.

There was sometimes, it is true, just cause for complaint that, in the choice of the songs as well as in the other details of his professional labors, Staudigl was not sufficiently penetrated by true artistic feeling, but, on the other hand, we must, in mere justice to him, recollect that the period when his powers were in their prime was the period of "virtuosity," a period when our musically-renowned Vienna was in a state of musical incapacity. Had Staudigl, whose mind was for five years plunged in darkness, been able to take part in the great change for the better which came over musical matters during the years of his affliction, it is very certain that he would have valiantly aided in rebuilding the new temple of music in Vienna; for, though he had undoubtedly sung rubbish enough in his day, he not only sang good music well, but was fond of singing it, and greatly pleased whenever he had an opportunity of doing so.

John R. Paine, the American Organist.

The Berlin *Voss'sche-Zeitung*, of April 21st, contains the following notice of a young organist and composer, with whose name the readers of the *Journal of Music* have already been made acquainted:

If now-a-days more than one of our organ-players of no small pretensions would tremble at the thought of being tested by Mattheson's 'Exemplarischer Or-

ganistenprobe,' still there are some masters of the instrument before whom Mattheson *redivivus* would respectfully uncover his head. True, their number is small, and the harvest of young men in this, as in all fields where we seek pure musical talent, is remarkably thinly sown. So much the more gratifying is it, therefore, to find such a talent engaged, with hearty zeal and indefatigable practice, in acquiring thorough command of the grandest of instruments—that for which Sebastian Bach alone composed a series of works extensive enough to occupy an organist for life. And such a talent we found on Friday last in a young musician, John R. Paine, of Portland in the United States. He played before an invited audience a series of pieces by L. Thiele, Sebastian Bach, and Mendelssohn, in which he exhibited a perfect mastery over the mechanism of the instrument, and an almost equal power over the peculiar difficulties which make a satisfactory performance of Bach's works so rare an event. Mr. Paine's style is clear and smooth, and his pedal playing is superb. These qualities he exhibited in a marked degree in the first movement of Sebastian Bach's organ trio in G. To give the three voices (for two manuals and pedals) clearly and with equal individuality, and yet to produce them as a beautiful whole, and in the joyous character intended by Bach, is one of the most difficult tasks that can be given to the organist. Equally successful was the performance of the other pieces, especially Bach's *fugue* in G, the majestic character of which could not have been brought out with a more free and dramatic expression by any one except the very greatest masters.

Mr. Paine also exhibited himself as composer in the best light. He played variations of his own upon the Old Hundredth psalm tune, a choral in universal use in America (in England, too, for that matter) and concert variations upon Haydn's Austrian Hymn. These pieces were so happily laid out in form that their interest constantly rose to the close; they proved his sound contrapuntal knowledge; his great taste in the combination of the stops of various color; and the author's possession of a fine fancy, from which much may be hoped and expected. In but a passage or two—in the first and second variations upon the choral—did it seem to us that Mr. Paine had not yet fully emancipated himself from the school. As we learn, he is a pupil, both on the organ and in counterpoint, of our unsurpassable organist and contrapuntist, A. Haupt. Hence we the more rejoice to greet in this young foreigner, who, now returning to his native land, will be a proof equally distinguished and honorable of the high state of German (musical) art, and the greatness of one of that art's ablest representatives.

Mr. Paine is at present in London, and we learn will soon be furnished with an opportunity of appearing before a London audience, both as an executant and as a composer.

EASTER CELEBRATIONS AT BETHLEHEM, PA.—I want to tell you about the Moravian exercises during Passion Week which I had the pleasure of attending.

A distinguishing feature of the Moravian Cultus is the love of music which everywhere exhibits itself in the beautiful forms and ceremonies of their religion. Great pains is taken to form a correct musical taste, and the study of it is begun very early in life. Reared from infancy among the delightful associations of tone, enjoying the instructions of competent masters, and acquiring a knowledge of the productions of the best composers, they become able to separate the chaff from the wheat, and this accounts for the pure harmony that distinguishes the Moravian choral service. A great portion of their music was composed for the church and exists only in MSS. This is of the highest order, and is, for the most part, written in full orchestral score.

The exercises of Passion Week are very impressive, and attract great numbers of visitors from all parts of the country. They begin on the Sunday preceding Easter with a recital of that week's life of our Savior, beginning: "And as he went, a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them by the way." This is continued throughout the week, the Acts of each day being read, and a number of beautiful German chorals are introduced at certain interesting points of the narrative, expressive of such sentiments as the congregation is supposed to feel.

The exercises on Good Friday are particularly interesting. On this day, some of the most solemn scenes of Holy Writ are passed in review and every remarkable passage in the sufferings of Christ is accompanied by a suitable hymn sung during the intervals. In the morning and afternoon the choir sang two fine anthems one of which was from Gregor, the

31

He count-eth all your sor-rows, He
Er säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er

He count-eth all your sor-rows, your
Er säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, die

count-eth all your sor-rows, He
säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er

count-eth all your sor-rows, He
säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen, er

count-eth all your sor-rows in the time of need.
säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen in der Zeit der Noth.

sor-rows in the time of need.
Thrä - nen in der Zeit der Noth.

count-eth all your sor-rows in the time of need.
säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen in der Zeit der Noth.

count-eth all your sor-rows in the time of need.
säh - let uns - re Thrä - nen in der Zeit der Noth.

dim. pp Ped.

No. 5. DUET and CHORUS.

VOICE.

Andante.

ACCOMP.

Mot. 100. = ♩

cres. *f sf*

SOLO. SOPRANO Imo.

I wait - ed for the Lord, He in
Ich har - re - te des Herrn, und er

dim.

- elin - ed un - to me. He heard my com - plaint, He
neig te sich zu mir, und hör - te mein Flehn, und

heard my com-plaint. I wait - ed for the Lord, He in -
hör - te mein Flehn. Ich har - re - te des Herrn, und er

- elin - ed un - to me, He heard my complaint, He
neig - te sich zu mir, und hör - te mein Flehn, und

heard my complaint. O bless'd are they that hope and trust in the
hör - te mein Flehn. Wohl dem der seine Hoff - nung setzt auf den

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Lord, O bless'd are they that hope and trust in the Lord.
Herrn, Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung setzt auf den Herrn.

CHORUS. ALTO.

SOLO SOPRANO 2do.

O bless'd are they that hope..... and trust in the Lord. I
Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung setzt auf den Herrn. Ich

CHORUS. TENOR, *8va lower.*

O bless'd are they that hope and trust in the Lord.
Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung setzt auf den Herrn.

CHORUS. BASS.

O bless'd are they that hope and trust in the Lord.
Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung setzt auf den Herrn.

SOLO. SOPRANO 1mo.

I wait - ed for the Lord, He in - clin - ed un - to me,....
 Ich har - re - te des Herrn, und er neig - te sich..... zu mir

wait - ed for the Lord, He in - clin - ed un - to me, He heard my com -
 har - re - te des Herrn, und er neig - te sich zu mir und hör - te mein,

..... and he heard my complaint. I wait - ed for the
 und er hör - te mein Flehn, Ich har - re - te des

- plaint, He heard my complaint, I wait - ed for the Lord, He in -
 Flehn, er hör - te mein Flehn, Ich har - re - te des Herrn, und er

Lord, He in - clin - ed un - to me, He heard, He heard my com -
 Herrn, und er neig - te sich zu mir und hör - te, hör - te mein

- clin - ed un - to me, He heard my complaint, He heard my com -
 neig - te sich zu mir, und hör - te mein Flehn, er hör - te mein

- plaint, O der bless'd are they that hope in the
 Flehn, Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung nung, auf den

- plaint, O der bless'd are they that hope and trust in the
 Flehn, Wohl dem, der sei - ne Hoff - nung setzt auf den

other I was not familiar with, most probably one of their MS. selections. In the evening, the choir and the orchestra of the church rendered three of their German anthems in a most beautiful manner. The full-toned organ, the sweet, plaintive tones of the violins, the subdued melody of the flutes, the soft, dream-like obligato of that most beautiful toned of all stringed instruments, the violoncello, and the voices of the choir blending together so harmoniously, and according so perfectly, impressed me with feelings that I shall never forget.

On Saturday afternoon, the general Love Feast was held, and printed odes, part in German, and part in English, were distributed throughout the congregation. As soon as the bell ceased ringing, a quartette of trombones began playing a number of chorals which floated through the air entrancing every listener. On this occasion the music performed were selections of the highest classical order. First, the *Kyrie eleison* from Beethoven's Mass in C; then a fine anthem "Holy Redeemer," by La Trobe; a selection from Spohr's "Last Judgment," and another very fine selection from their MSS.

On Easter morning at four o'clock the sweet tones of the trombones were heard greeting the sleeping inhabitants with an Easter choral. At half past four we were wending our way to the church where service similar to what I have already described was gone through with, until sun-rise, when the congregation, preceded by the orchestra, proceeded in procession to the grave-yard, where the Liturgy of the Resurrection was gone through with. Here was a scene not soon to be forgotten! The sun was just rising, and the little clouds floating about were streaked with faint rays of light. The robin and the lark were pouring forth their morning hymns, which was the only sound that disturbed the solemn stillness of the moment. Then the voices of all present accompanied by the orchestra, arose upon the air in hymn, while the impressive words of the Litany, and the outpouring of the harmonious themes to which the trombones are so well adapted, and the entire services, summoned up thoughts which will ever be held in remembrance.—*Cor of Easton Times.*

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Our Paris correspondent writes:—"Among the instruments collected by M. Clapisson, and now purchased by the French government for the Museum of the Conservatory of Music, are many of great interest in an artistic and archaeological point of view. One of these is a harpsichord, with two key-boards, dated 1612, but the work of several artists and different epochs. The body of the instrument dates from Louis XIII.; the stand from Louis XIV.; contains panels by Teniers and Paul Baille. Among the spinets are an Italian one of the time of Louis XIV., with ornaments of engraved amber, and garlands of flowers, Cupids by Poussin; another, of the reign of Francis I., in ebony, richly inlaid with ivory, with the inscription *Francisci Portolapisi Veronen Opus*, 1823; and a third, of the sixteenth century, in marquetry, the corners of the key-board being ornamented with caryatides exquisitely carved in box-wood.

"A small piano, made at Vienna, of the time of Louis XIV., in the form of a harp, has a sounding-board of gilt wood and Chinese lacquer, ornamented with Venetian looking-glass, beautiful paintings in Martin varnish, and inlaying of turquoises. Among the harps is one that belonged to the Princess de Lamballe, bearing her name inside; among the lyres, one which belonged to Garat, bearing his initials, and enriched with paintings by Prudon. There are theorbs in ebony and ivory; guitars in tortoise-shell, ivory and marquetry; mandolines and mandores of all nations; odd-looking instruments played by turning a handle; violins of all dates and countries, several of them in tortoise-shell, beautifully inlaid; specimens of all sorts of string and wind instruments, showing the starting point and gradual progress of the instruments now used in orchestras.

"The collection also contains a numerous gathering of nondescript instruments of various style and form, many of them of a most extraordinary character, showing how much abortive industry has been devoted to the endeavor to create new species of musical instruments. Immense patience and research have been employed by the collector in getting together the assemblage, unique in its way, and of great value to those who make a study of the history of music."—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

WHAT MAKES THINGS MUSICAL.—"The Sun!" said the Forest. "In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footstep echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you seek to break the spell, the silence closes in your own words, like the ocean on a pebble you

throw into it. The wind sighs afar off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir drowsily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, 'How comfortable we are!' Then the wind awakes, and tumbles my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft, liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds awake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses, until the sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses countless happy insects chirp, and buzz and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The sun makes me musical," said the forest.

What makes things musical.—"Storms!" said the Sea. In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns, and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind blows its wild trumpet-peak, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voices of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. Storms make me musical," said the sea.

What makes things musical.—"Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living, sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in those dead and sunless depths. But, since then, we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and then we have been drawn out on the rock and hammered and fased, and, at last, stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. Suffering has made us musical," said the Harp-strings.

ANALYSIS OF BIRD-MUSIC.—A correspondent, whose letter is dated "Oak Valley, Mid-Marc," has favored us with a long and pleasant account of the aspects of nature in the spring time, as they appear around him, from which we are happy to give the following extract. The remainder of his letter would hardly be appreciated in a political and commercial newspaper like the New York Evening Post:

"The golden day is past. Another opens, untired with its new future. It bears the product of its predecessor—the birds which the 'sweet south' brought on its golden wing. Do the birds arrive at night? for we behold them first in the morning, though I have seen thrushes arrive at nightfall. It may be they escape our notice, which, in the morning, is attracted by their singing. And they seem not to regard the fatigue consequent upon their long flight; but, true to their industrious instinct, chime the note of arrival at the first peep of dawn. I thus became aware of the presence of the blue-bird, whose song was the first sound that fell upon my ear early in the morning, half mingling with my dream ere I was well awake. It had just arrived, the old familiar note—faint, not from fatigue, but the tranquility of the bird's nature seen also in its flight. It is a spiritual bird, with a celestial hue, warbling in our springs, and building often about the habitations of men, seeking a home in the ark of the martin, which it enchants with the circles of its gentle flutterings.

"All welcome the birds. The first messenger note springs a thrill of joy in the winter-bound heart. Childhood leaps up at the sound; the maiden claps her hands; and age feels its youth at the accustomed surprise.

"Different from the blue-bird is the phoebe, a plain domestic, with its dual note, yet piping the cheeriest of any, because bearing the happiest burthen in its song, 'Spring day! spring day! spring is coming!'

"One thing I have always observed with pleasure—it is the variety in the bird choir. No two species sing alike—none badly. Take your position in a grove or meadow, and mark the tone—which gives

you the character of the bird—and see what diversity there is in that. You can see a resemblance to words in some notes. The happiest expression is on the wing; the most plaintive on water. We love a bird best when it sings among grasses and in the shrubs and tree branches, or in deserted dwellings—at least the pensive-minded and the meek do. Some birds seek an elevated position to sing—the groundbird its stake; the robin its tree; the bobolink sings every where, in the grass, upon a twig of slender reed, but most rapturous on the wing. The crow is a music-spoiler; he has no devotion in his song, no uplifting of the bill, but a rapacious cry for plunder.

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—It was no wonder that the revival of *I Puritani* (April 20th) should create excitement among the frequenters of the opera. There were many reasons. Signor Tiberini in Arturo was to essay his second part, one indeed, in which Rubini alone, of all tenors, had made a lasting impression, although Signor Mario looked and acted the cavalier nobleman infinitely better. Mad. Tiberini-Ortolani, too, was to make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in Elvira; and Herr Formes, after several years' absence, again to exhibit his splendid voice and dramatic talents in the part of Giorgio—undertaken for the first time, we believe. No wonder, then, that the stalls were anxious and the boxes eager. Another cause of attraction might be cited in Signor Ronconi, who resigned his old part of Giorgio, the music of which was too low for him, for that of Riccardo, in which he was perfectly suited, and felt at his ease. So much for expectation. The performance, if it fell something short of what was anticipated, was excellent in the main. Signor Tiberini sang even more skilfully, and exhibited a more thorough command of his voice as Arturo than as Ferdinando. His singing in the quartet, "A te, o cara," was in its way perfect; and in the duet, where the Puritan Colonel stops Arturo, as he is about to effect the escape of the Queen, he exhibited the finest declamatory powers and a largeness of style for which we had not given him credit. It seems, however, that Signor Tiberini could not have been in his best voice on Saturday, as he evaded the high passages in the aria, "Ella e tremante," in the last scene, whereby he disappointed sundry of his admirers. He made amends, nevertheless, at the second performance of Tuesday, and sang the famous passage of Rubini with infinite ease and perfect intonation. The debutante, wife of Signor Tiberini, is, no doubt, as our readers have guessed, the lady-like and light-voiced Mlle. Ortolani, who so much pleased the habitués of Her Majesty's Theatre some few years since in this very part of Elvira, creating quite a *fièvre* in the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," and winning distinction by her skill, both as vocalist and actress. Mlle. Ortolani is not Gristi nor Bosio, but herself, and will doubtless do the theatre real service in many characters for which she is well suited. Her voice still vibrates as of old, but she has gained strength or facility, and betokens decided improvement. In places where she had not to form her notes, such as the opening movement of the aria, "Qui la voce," and some *cantabile* bits in the first finale, she sang charmingly and with much grace, and won universal praise. Herr Formes had been laboring under indisposition for some days previously, and was hardly up to the mark. He showed, nevertheless, that the power and depth of his voice remained unimpaired by his transatlantic trip, and that his energy and feeling were as striking and superabundant as ever. Indeed it was generally remarked that the voice of the great German bass was more rounded and mellowed by time, a matter of congratulation to his numerous admirers. The music of Giorgio is not quite in Herr Formes' line, nor does it lie altogether within his register, his voice being far deeper than that of La, blaeh. His finest efforts were in the duet with Elvira (act I, sc. 2), and the grand duet with Riccardo. "Suoni la tromba," in which he and Signor Ronconi declaimed so vociferously that they might have been heard—if not quite at Bologna, as Rossini wrote of Tamburini and Lablache, but at Boulogne. Signor Ronconi is more at home in Riccardo than in Giorgio which we are glad to see he has resigned, as the music was too low for him. His performance of Riccardo is a remarkable one, histrionically speaking, the best by far since Tamburini, and the music of Bellini is thoroughly congenial to his real Italian style and method.

After the opera Mlle. Salvini appeared in the ballet *divertissement, Les Amours de Diane*, and achieved great success in sundry striking and original *pas*.

The first performance of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, which was to have taken place on Thursday night was postponed until Monday, in consequence of the indisposition of M. Faure.

GRISI AND MARIO.—The report that these popular singers have rejoined the Royal Italian Opera, is now verified.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Twenty hearings would not suffice to make the general public thoroughly comprehend a work so extraordinary as Beethoven's Mass in D, which was repeated on Friday week. To the Society especial thanks are due for affording an opportunity of hearing a composition so little known, or likely to be known, its difficulty and exceptional style placing it beyond the means of any other body of executants. While protesting against the alterations that have been effected (having unbounded faith in Beethoven) we must compliment Mr. Costa for the energy and perseverance conducing to a result so highly satisfactory. Band and chorus entered thoroughly into their task, and as the *Missa Solennis* has twice attracted an attendance in no way inferior in number to the crowds who usually flock to the better known masterpieces, we have but little doubt but that the next season it may be repeated, and eventually become familiarised to the public, although it can never be as well known as the oratorios of Handel or Mendelssohn. *Mads. Rudersdorff* and *Sainton-Dolby*, with Messrs. *Sims Reeves* and *Lewis Thomas* were again the soloists. Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is announced for next Friday.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The fourth concert, on Monday, April 29th, was attended by the largest audience of the season. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.—Sinfonia in C minor, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); Aria, "Un'aura amorosa," *Così Fan Tutte* (Mozart); Solo, contrabasso (Mayseder); Overture in C major (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sinfonia in F, No. 8 (Beethoven); Recit. and aria, "Thus my cherish'd love," *Jessonda* (Spohr); Concerto, violin, in A minor, No. 5 (Molière); Duoetto *Il Conte Ory* (Rossini); Overture, *Anacraon* (Cherubini). Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett.

A column might be written about such a programme, more especially as the general character of the performance was quite on a par with its variety and excellence. Nevertheless, our crowded space will admit of but very few remarks. Mendelssohn's symphony was played to perfection. Additional interest was attached to this, as the work which first introduced its composer to the Philharmonic Concerts, and, indeed, to England. It is one of the freshest and most vigorous of his earlier productions; and, though classed in his own catalogue as "Symphony No. 13," the first of his published symphonies for the orchestra. Thus, among other things withheld by those who have the superintendence of Mendelssohn's MSS., there are no less than 12 symphonies, any, or all of which, if only half as good as the one in C minor, should be brought to light forthwith. The *scherzo*, as it now stands, is an abridgement of that belonging to the famous octet arranged expressly for the Philharmonic Society, and a clear foreshadowing of the magical fairy music in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The execution of Mendelssohn's symphony; of that of Beethoven in F—the bridge that conducts from the "second" to the "third" style of the great "Tone-poet;" of the overture in C major (Op. 113) by the same master (for which again the musical world is indebted to the Philharmonic); and of Cherubini's familiar dramatic prelude, were further proofs of the judicious discipline exercised by Professor Bennett, and of the highly efficient materials he has to work with. The palmiest days of the Philharmonic—when it stood "alone in its glory"—could hardly furnish an instance of a more admirable performance than that of the symphony in C minor.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of the eighteenth concert, in the instrumental part, was taken from the works of Mendelssohn, and included—quintet in B flat (executants, MM. Vieuxtemps, Ries, Doyle, Schreurs and Piatti); *Presto Scherzando*, in F sharp minor, for pianoforte alone (Mr. Charles Hallé at the instrument); grand sonata in D major (op. 58), for pianoforte and violoncello (played for the first time); and (also first time of performance) the players being Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Webb and Signor Piatti. After the sonata, Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti had to appear on the platform. A finer specimen of the master than that with which the concert closed could not have been presented, and few left their seats until the last notes of the quartet in B minor had finished. The grand air "In diesen heil'gen Hallen,"

from the *Zauberflöte*, and a song from Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, displayed to advantage the deep and powerful voice of Herr Hermanns, who appeared at these concerts last season.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mlle. Titiens, who made her first appearance as an oratorio singer, created something much stronger than a merely favorable impression, her *début* being a complete success. Mlle. Titiens is a mistress of the art of enunciation, her words being clearly articulated and correctly accented, which is so much the more noticeable as her experience of our language must be necessarily limited. With the power and quality of Mlle. Titiens' voice the public is already familiar, and we have no doubt that in the new line she has chosen the German songstress will become as great a favorite as she is on the lyric stage. To attempt any description of Mr. Sims Reeves's singing in *The Creation* would be superfluous; suffice it that he was in magnificent voice throughout,—that he sustained the whole of the tenor music by which the oratorio was a decided gainer, and that his delivery of the recitative "In splendor bright," and the air "In native worth," was wholly irreproachable, while in the concerted music his voice rang out with a clearness and beauty that charmed all hearers. In the first and second parts Herr Formes contributed his services as principal bass, and the value of so splendid an organ and so weighty a style of delivery, may be easily imagined. To Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Stanley fell the music of our first parents (Part III.), and both were in the highest degree satisfactory. After the oratorio the national anthem was sung, Mlle. Titiens taking the first and last solo verses. The duet between the barytone and bass (Mr. Santley and Herr Formes) in the other verses, was beyond our comprehension. There were 13,000 present.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—The gifted and celebrated sisters Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, after the great sensation they have created in Paris, are achieving a series of brilliant triumphs in the French provinces and in Belgium. We find in the Brussels journal, *L'Indépendance Belge*, accounts of the *début* of both sisters in that city. They first appeared in the *Sonnambula*, Mlle. Carlotta sustaining the character of Amina, while Mlle. Barbara, with a true artistic feeling, supported her sister by taking the secondary part of the heroine's mother, to which she gave new interest and importance. Their next appearance was in the *Traviata*, in the characters of Leonora and Azucena, in which last part Mlle. Barbara produced an immense effect by her powerful acting, her beautiful contralto voice, and her perfect style and execution. The above journal describes the public as being enchanted, and says that there never had been such a performance of this opera in Brussels.—*Illustrated London News*.

Musical Correspondence.

PARIS, MAY 3, 1861.—A pamphlet has just appeared entitled *Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris*. It is by Charles Baudelaire the translator of Edgar A. Poe's works. It seems to be a defence of the German composer against the ungenerous attacks of French press. If it possesses more than the mere merit of a *propos* I shall speak of it later.

The musical season is drawing to a close, the *Conservatoire* has given its last concert. The fragments of the *Damnation de Faust* by Hector Berlioz are spoken of as having attracted much attention.

At the Italiens Mad. Penco has appeared as Norma; no novelties are spoken of either here or at the Grand Opera, which continues to give the *Huguenots*.

At the Opera Comique we have had *Salvator Rosa*, represented for the first time last Tuesday, April 30. This is an opera in three acts by Duprato, words by MM. Eugène Grangé and Henri Trianon. The libretto presents a charming series of incidents, it is in itself a touching piece worthy of the composer. The artist who contributed to the success of *Salvator Rosa* were, Crosti, Warot, Lemaire, Nathan, Palianti, Madame Lemercier and Mad Saint-Urbain.

It is to be remarked that of late three pieces of 1832 have been revived. Of these one is well known to the American public, *La Tour de Nesle* is rather more known in the United States than in France

though it always enjoyed great popularity. The piece is given at the Porte Saint-Martin with the display of scenery that may be expected from this stage for fairy spectacles. There is a slight change even to admit of all the prestige of scenery. There is a solemn entry of the king into the old, old streets of his good city of Paris. He is on horseback under a *dais* between the Queen and Buridan, also on horseback. The people follow in crowds, there are soldiers and a numerous cortege.

It is a lesson in the history of the middle ages. The provost of Paris, the various guilds, the university corps, the Parliament, the peers of the realm with their pages—all with their respective emblems form a curious, entertaining spectacle. The clarions sound, the King, surrounded by his court takes his seat, the stage presents a most picturesque group when suddenly other men and women rush in, mariners from the port de la Grève, who, with more beauty than art-truth execute a charming ballet. In this appear Epinosa and Mad. Montplaisir. Beyond this *La Tour de Nesle* in the drama as we all know it. At the especial wish of M. Gaillardet, the name of Alexander Dumas figures as *collaborateur*.

Of other old dramas may be mentioned *Atar Gull* which has met with a legitimate success. The *Furieuses de l'honneur* by M. Aug. Vaquerie of which I mentioned the failure has given rise to several pamphlets on the present state of the dramatic art in France. It is expected that M. Vaquerie's piece will be presented again at the Odeon under more favorable circumstances. F. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1861.

Soiree of the Pierian Sodality and Harvard Glee Club.

We had the honor of an invitation to this soiree, which took place at Lyceum Hall in Old Cambridge on Thursday, May 16.

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|---|-------------|
| 1. War Song..... | Kueken |
| 2. Pether Waltzes..... | Lanner |
| 3. Toper's Glee..... | Zelter |
| 4. Serenade. (Quartette)..... | Mendelssohn |
| 5. Symphony—Piano Quartette—Adagio Cantabile—Andante Minuetto—Finale Allegro..... | Haydn |
| 6. Soldier's Love..... | Kueken |
| 7. Hark above us..... | Kreutzer |
| 8. Sicilian Vespers..... | Verdi |
| 9. Parting. (Quartette)..... | Otto |
| 10. O wert thou..... | Kueken |
| 11. Andante, from Symphony No. 7..... | Haydn |
| 12. {Chapel..... | Kreutzer |
| {Serenade..... | Eisenhofer |
| 13. L'Etoile du Nord. (Quadrilles)..... | |

The programme was, with one exception, made up of German pieces, the audience of a majority of young ladies and gentlemen. Both went very well together. The audience admired the Germans (next to the performers of course) and the Germans (we can speak for one of them at least, whom we know to have been present) admired both the audience and the performers. Mutual admiration-society, is it? Well we confess, we do admire youth. "In juvenute delectus." There is something refreshing and fascinating in youth and we enjoyed the delightful influence.

The Glee Club was especially happy in its selections and was encored after every piece if we remember rightly. And right well did they acquit themselves both in their pieces on the programme and those sung in answer to the enthusiastic calls for more. The Pierians would have increased the effectiveness of their performances by altering their instruments to a pitch somewhat more uniform. However, their pieces were well practiced together and played with spirit. They also received several encores. The liberality of the Glee Club was manifested by a medley of patriotic and other airs, "thrown in" after the 13th number of the programme. Altogether it was a festive and gay evening, furnish-

ing new evidence that the liberal Arts still furnish at our venerable yet ever young *Alma Mater*, and that there are some at least among her sons who beside their other studies find time and inclination to devote themselves to the production of the "sweet concord of sounds."

May the PIERIAN SODALITY and the GLEE CLUB continue to flourish. †

Mrs. J. H. LONG's CONCERT.—A concert complimentary to this lady was given on Saturday evening last at the rooms of Messrs. Hallett & Davis. Mrs. KEMPTON and Miss WHITEHOUSE assisted with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Mr. CARL PETERSILEA as pianist. Mrs. LONG was in unusually fine voice, so, too, were Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse, and the vocal portions of the programme were admirably rendered by the three ladies. We regret not to have heard the first part of the programme, but learn that Mr. Petersilea performed very creditably the Sonata by Weber. Liszt's Concerto Paraphrase requires a degree of power and unerring facility beyond what he yet possesses. A large audience was in attendance. The following is the programme:

PART I.

1. Quartette, in E flat.Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
2. Aria, "Ah mon fils"Meyerbeer.
Mrs. Long.
3. Grand Sonate in C, op. 24. (first time).Weber.
Carl Petersilea.
4. Song, "Ye merry birds"Gumbert.
Mrs. Kempton.
5. Duo, "Fra Questo Braccia"Donizetti.
Mrs. Long and Miss Whitehouse.
6. Ballad, "Tyrolienne"Haas.
Mrs. Long.

PART II.

7. Trio, "On the Ocean"Concone.
Mrs. Long, Mrs. Kempton, and Miss Whitehouse.
8. Canzonetta, from Quartette in E flat.Mendelssohn.
Quintette Club.
9. Duet, from "Giuramento"Mercadante.
Mrs. Long and Mrs. Kempton.
10. Two Part Song, "The Wanderer"Franz Abt.
Mrs. Kempton and Miss Whitehouse.
11. German Song, "Farewell, Good Night"Kucken.
Mrs. Long.
12. Concerto Paraphrase, on Mendelssohn's Wedding
March and Fairy Dance.Liszt.
Carl Petersilea.

CAMBRIDGE.—The detachment of the battalion of the College students now on guard at the State Arsenal embraces some of the best of the singers of the college, who make the neighborhood resound on these pleasant moonlight nights with the brightest of the gems of German song. The Turkish Drinking Song, Integer Vitæ, the Sword Song, and other choice pieces for men's voices, including many of Mendelssohn's four-part songs, we have heard admirably sung there in a style that would do no discredit to the famous Orpheus Club. It is pleasing to observe the steady progress of the art of Music in the University, since it has become a regular study, and no little credit is due to the efforts of Mr. L. P. Homer, the instructor in this department.

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—Our city and suburban readers will not forget the concert of this evening, which commences the new series of evening concerts. The programme is an excellent one.

New Publications.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. Ticknor & Fields.

Contents: Agnes of Sorrento; Greek Lines; The Rose enthroned; A bag of meal; Napoleon the Third; Concerning things slowly learned; American Navigation; Denmark Vesey; New York Seventh Regiment; Army Hymn; The Pickens and Stealins Rebellion; Recent American Publications.

The April number of the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW has been sent us by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Contents: 1. Pearls and Mock Pearls of History.

2. Euphuism; 3. Lord Dundonald; 4. Spiritual Destitution in the Metropolis; 5. German, Flemish, and Dutch Art; 6. African Discovery; 7. Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt; 8. Indian Currency, Finance and Legislation; Iron Manufacture. These are published by L. Scott & Co., New York, at \$3, or all the four great English Quarterlies and Blackwood's Monthly for \$10.

Musical Chit-Chat.

TANNHAUSER IN PARIS.—Tannhäuser, the modern German Opera, *par excellence*, has suffered a most decided defeat at the hands of the Paris public. Notwithstanding the august presence of both Emperor and Empress during the first two representations, the genteel audience manifested their disapprobation by vehement hissing, but principally by a merriment which to the author must have been very provoking. After the third performance which took place on a Sunday evening when the house is mostly filled by persons from the middle classes, who might reasonably be supposed to be unprejudiced, the piece was withdrawn. As the bonus of the author was stipulated at 500 francs for each performance, of which half went to the translator of the book, Mr. Wagner has realized the sum of 750 francs.

The reader will recollect that Tannhäuser was brought out at the express command of the Emperor. Rumor said it was the penalty which the Emperor had to pay to the Princess Metternich, wife to the Austrian ambassador, for a lost bet. The Princess showed herself, at any rate, a zealous partizan of her countryman. When the storm in the audience first broke out, she and her suite from a prominent box tried very hard to turn the tide. But it only caused the hissers to turn towards her. She left the theatre before the curtain fell. When she passed down the corridor, one of the marshals of France, meeting her, said, "Ah, Madame, to-night you have taken a most cruel revenge for Solferino." The story is good. The Frenchman says now, *Je tannhause*, instead of *Je m'ennuie*.

The Germans console themselves, as well they may, that France has never yet seen the greatness of Shakespeare, nor acknowledged the genius of Goethe and Schiller, nor understood Gluck, Mendelssohn, Weber, and Schumann, and is therefore not very likely to be charmed by an opera which, book and music, is at least as peculiarly Teutonic as Weber's Freischütz or Spohr's Jessonda. Besides, Wagner the writer had much damaged the cause of Wagner the composer. If Mr. Wagner, instead of heralding his views as the salvation of the lyric drama and his works as the beginning of a new musical era, claiming precedence of all the great masters whom France worship, if, instead of all this he had relied solely on the inherent power of his music, his opera might have fared better. To be sure, the legend of Tannhäuser, which to the German mind has deep significance and many fine poetic traits, has nothing fascinating to the Frenchman. It is the difference of nationalities more than anything else which will forever prevent the acceptance by the Paris musical public of the Tannhäuser as the great work which it really is.—*Leipsic Signale*.

HONOLULU.—The dilettanti of the Sandwich Islands have established a Philharmonic Society, which, not satisfied with rendering plain classical music, has gone into the grand opera business. Startling, as it may appear, Verdi's *Trovatore* has been performed in Honolulu. His majesty, Kamehameha, who fortunately possesses a very fine voice, took the role of Manrico, and his royal spouse filled that of the Gipsy Azucena.

MUSICAL SOIREE.—Last evening Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte gave a musical soirée at her residence in Hancock Street, to which the parents and friends of her pupils, including several distinguished amateurs, were invited, forming a brilliant society. The programme was very interesting, consisting of a duet by Von Weber, nine solo compositions played by the youngest pupils of the school, Duet Sonata by Mozart, Nocturne by Gutmann, Allegretto and Moon-

light Sonata by Beethoven, Allegro by Mendelssohn, Home, Sweet Home by Thalberg, Nocturne by Chopin, Sonata Pathétique by Beethoven, and Duet by Von Weber. The performances of these difficult compositions by youthful pupils was a complete vindication of the excellence of the class system of pianoforte instruction which Mlle. Gabrielle de la Motte has been teaching in this city for the past five or six years. When we heard girls eight or nine years old, taught in classes, playing one of Weber's duets, and the solos which followed, and playing them well, and young ladies of from thirteen to sixteen interpreting with such intelligence, purity and vigor the other portions of the programme, we were more than satisfied with the results of a system which we have so often commended and advocated. The unequivocal approbation of the refined and competent critics who were present at Mlle. de la Motte's last soirée, justifies the confidence which the public have placed in her abilities, and guarantees her continued success.—*Evening Transcript*, May 17.

MUSIC IN LEGISLATIVE HALLS.—Music hath charms for our Legislature. A majority of the representatives have musical ears, good voices, and know how to tune them aright, either for the grand old chorals or the patriotic songs that are just now sung in halls and churches, on the streets and in the drawing-rooms, at work benches and in the schools. The members lifted up their voices yesterday forenoon, in melodious song, and again in the afternoon, after adjournment. They did the "Star Spangled Banner" in splendid style, as if the banner were advancing at a charging step upon the enemy; "America" was given grandly; "Old Coronation" majestically, and "Auld Lang Syne," as a closing exercise, soothingly. And why should they not sing, these legislators? Let them break forth in song. They have done good works for the old Bay State; they have endorsed the spontaneous uprising of the people; given a strong and willing helping hand to the government of the Union, and their aid, without stint or mercenary calculation, to uphold the honor of its flag.

The members review their labors with satisfaction; they look upon the mailed hand of the general government raised to strike all enemies to its peace, prosperity and integrity, and they see through the cloud that now envelopes us, peace once more establishing its benignant sway; returning prosperity and the hum of productive industry for the harsh notes of war. Do they not do well to sing, and make the old Representatives Hall vocal with their gladness, and the venerable cod which has overlooked the discussions of half a century, a participator in their joyful hopes for the future? If the "chivalry" are disposed to ridicule psalm singing Massachusetts, we bid them remember that the "Old Ironsides" of Cromwell, from whom some of us, at least are descended, were valiant in battle and "mighty men of war," notwithstanding that, before they engaged in the conflict they sang the psalms of David. Men who put their trust in God, the justice of their cause and keep their powder dry, are not to be encountered with impunity.—*Atlas and Bee*, May 23.

A HINT TO MUSICIANS.—See the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of all the wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, standing about, and half devoured with ennui. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a half-penny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful; it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and mere difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—*Sydney Smith*.

Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor yet thought of music, the preference seems odd; and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, as my aim would be to make them happy, I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends on themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest.—*Horace Walpole*.

Il Barbiere di Seviglia.

It is interesting to read the anecdotes of the first productions of celebrated works, the changes made in them in accordance with the experience of their first effects, and the manner in which they were received. We translate some of the incidents attendant upon the production of the now celebrated Barber of Seville.

The overture was originally composed in 1814, for *Aureliano in Palmira*, then changed to *Elizabetta, regina d'Inghilterra*, both of them serious operas, and was afterwards attached to the Barber.

The air which Bertha, the duenna, sings, is nothing but a Russian contra-dance, which was in vogue in Rome at that time. Rossini is said to have introduced it in compliment to a captivating Muscovite lady. Certain passages of this buffo air re-appear in the allegro, and in the fine cavatina of Malcolm in *la Donna del Lago*.

The motive of the allegro of the trio fine Zitti, zitti, is borrowed from the bass air sung by Simon, in Haydn's "Seasons." Simon sings it in C, while Rosina, Almaviva and Figaro sing it in F.

Signora Giorgi-Righetti mentions many circumstances regarding the first production of the opera which have the value of coming from one who shared in its performance. Sterbini was the author of the libretto, and when it was known that Rossini was to rewrite the work which Paisiello had made famous, his enemies endeavored to injure him by talking of it everywhere as a contemptible thing to do. This was the merest nonsense, as the lyrical dramas of Metastasio had all been, dozens of times set to music by as many composers. Paisiello was no stranger to these intrigues. A letter of his was shown to Rossini, in which he charged a friend of his in Rome to make every exertion to ensure its failure. However this may have been, on the day of its first representation at the Argentina, the enemies were at their post, and the friends, somewhat disheartened at the recent failure of *Torvaldo*, did not exhibit any great warmth of support. Signora Giorgi-Righetti says that Rossini was weak enough to allow Garcia, whose ability he greatly admired, to replace the air sung under Rosina's window with a Spanish melody of his own; thinking that, as the scene was laid in Spain, this might give a local coloring to the work. But the public sentiment rendered this an unfortunate thing.

Almaviva's guitar had not been tuned, and Garcia had to tune it on the stage. A string broke, which the singer was obliged to replace; and in the mean time the laughter and hisses had become general. The song was foreign to the Italian taste, and was badly received, while the pit began to hum over Spanish floritures. After the introduction came Figaro's cavatina. The prelude was at first listened to; but when Zamboni entered with another guitar, a shout of laughter went through the audience, and the hisses made such a noise that the aria was not to be heard. When Rosina appeared on the balcony, the public, who admired the lady, was ready to applaud her air; but when it heard only the words; *Segui, o caro, deh segui così*, they were the signal of a new outbreak. The duet of Almaviva and Figaro was accompanied by shouts and hisses, which completely drowned it; and the work seemed to be an utter failure.

Finally Rosina appeared and sang the cavatina. The youth, and beautiful voice of Signora Giorgi-Righetti, joined to the favor which she enjoyed among the Romans, combined to procure for her a brilliant success. Rossini arose from the piano, bowed, and turning to the cantatrice, said in a low voice:—"Oh natura!"—"You may give it your thanks," replied Signora Giorgi, "for without it you would never have left your seat."

But this happy moment was of short duration, for the hisses recommenced at the duet between Rosina and Figaro. All the hisses in Italy seemed to have met in the theatre, and the music was utterly lost in the noise they made. When the curtain fell, Rossini turned to the audience, shrugged his shoulders, and clapped his hands. The public was touched at this contempt for its opinion; but no mark of disapprobation was returned. It revenged itself at the second act, not a note of which could be heard. Rossini remained calm throughout, and left the theatre as quietly as though it had been the work of a stranger. When Garcia, Zamboni, Botticelli and Signora Giorgi-Righetti went to his rooms, after changing their dresses, to console him for his failure, they found him sound asleep.

The next day he wrote the beautiful cavatina *Ecco ridente in cielo* to replace Garcia's unfortunate air. Garcia sang it the same evening at the second performance. Rossini hastened to prune from his work everything which might be justly condemned, then went to bed and pretended to be sick, that he might

not be obliged to officiate in the evening. The Romans went the second time with altered dispositions, and desired to hear the work to which they refused to listen the evening before. This procured the triumph of the composer; for it was impossible that a people so musical should not appreciate the beauties profusely spread through this delightful work. The silence of the audience was only broken this time by applause; still there was no enthusiasm. But the success grew at each representation, and finally became a transport of delight. In Rome, as elsewhere, there were connoisseurs who at once comprehended the merit of the work, and went to Rossini to compliment him on its excellence. This change of fortune and opinion did not astonish him; he was as sure of success on the evening of its first reception as he was a week after.

It is rather singular that the first representation of the Barber at Paris was a repetition of the Roman failure. The same cause produced the same effect; for Paisiello's work was there again opposed to that of Rossini. It is true that Mme. Ronzi de Begnis did not inspire the part of Rosina, for which she was not fitted. By a singular fancy, the public at once demanded Paisiello's Barber, and nothing could have more contributed to Rossini's success. Paër, who was troubled regarding the young rising maestro, Paër, director of the Théâtre-Italien, appeared to yield to the importunate request of the public, which, perhaps, he had instigated. He hastened to produce Paisiello's opera, not doubting of the success which awaited it; but the result was the opposite of what he expected. The traditional power of his music had lost its vitality; nobody knew how to sing it in its pristine simplicity. Besides this, the form was old-fashioned; there were too many airs and recitatives; concerted pieces were rare, and the instrumentation meagre. It was an utter failure. Rossini's work was resumed, and possessing, as it did, all the advantages which its rival lacked, it enchanted the whole public. Mme. Fodor had assumed the part of Rosina, and the representation was given with a perfection yet unequalled. Garcia and Mme. Fodor were the models of Almaviva and Rosina; Pellegrini, a gay, intelligent Figaro; de Begnis an excellent Basilio; Graziani, a vivacious and malicious Bartolo. To give an idea of Garcia in this rôle, which he made entirely his own, I will say that Rubini always seemed to me a mediocre Almaviva, when I remembered the bold, marked rounded accents of Garcia's full voice. Who can give us that sonorous avalanche of notes when the exasperated Count curses the unfortunate troupe of musicians:

Ah! maledetti andate via,
Ah! canaglia via di qua!

It was sublime!

(There must have been some trifling difference between such a performance and the buffoonery to which we Bostonians are accustomed in this scene.)

Rossini had written several portions of his opera, when Sterbini brought him several pages of verse. "There is considerable," said he, "for Figaro's entrance; but you can take what you want, and leave the rest. Rossini immediately began to hum as he read. "I will not suppress a verse, not a word," said he, "they shall all move to the clarinets." After a second reading, he sat down to the piano, and sang *Largo al factotum*, with its instrumental coloring. "Bravo! perfect!" cried Sterbini. "Yes! that may be made into a pretty good cavatina. I will keep it a few days in my head, and give it a little polish, and write it out afterwards." "Not so! you shall write it out at once, just as it is. I want it just so. The diamond sparkles enough as it is. We must secure it for fear of losing it."

Like very many other chefs d'œuvre of the human mind, the Barber, unrecognized at first, depreciated and condemned, has become one of those universal favorites which never lose their charm and rank among the foremost efforts of musical genius.—*Boston Musical Times*.

A NEW NATIONAL HYMN.—A committee of prominent citizens of New York, consisting of Gulian C. Verplanck, Charles King, Hamilton Fish, George Wm. Curtis, Richard Grant White, Luther Bradish, John A. Dix, Moses H. Grinnell and others, announce that a prize of five hundred dollars will be awarded for a national hymn, which must be, not a war song, but purely patriotic; to consist of not less than sixteen nor more than forty lines, exclusive of a chorus or burden, which is regarded as essential, and to be of marked rhythm and popular melody. For the words and music from the same hand, five hundred dollars will be paid, or a gold medal of that value will be awarded. For the hymn alone, or for the music alone, (if original), two hundred and fifty dollars will be given.

Special Notices.

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A full and telling arrangement of the National Anthem, "My country, 'tis of thee." It is one of the well-known and comprehensive collection of the National Airs of all Countries, edited by Beyer.

When the swallows homeward fly. Transcribed. Ad. Baumbach. 35

A fine arrangement with which the composer has evidently taken great pains. Its general excellence will ensure a large circulation for it notwithstanding the many arrangements of the same air which are now in the market.

Books.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, with symphonies and accompaniments, by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by Thomas Moore. With a portrait. Price, \$1.50; in cloth, \$2.50; cloth, full gilt, \$3.00.

In a very neat, convenient, and durable form we have in this volume the fine old Melodies of Ireland wedded to the charming ballads which have, more than any other of his works, immortalized the name of Moore, and made it a familiar household word throughout the civilized world. There has been, and always will be, a peculiar charm about the music and the poetry of this work, and though the expression in reference to a new book, has become somewhat hacknied that "no library is complete without it," we may venture to say, that used in connection with this elegant edition of "Moore's Melodies," it will come to each of our readers as a very truthful declaration. There are many editions of these Melodies published in this country, but this is the only one in which the words are accompanied by the music, and here we may mention that with Moore's words and the music are one. "So intimately," says an English writer, "were they united in his mind, that the sight of the songs crowded together in one volume unaccompanied by music notes inflicted on him positive pain."

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

